

**BRECKENRIDGE NEWS**  
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DAVID R. MURRAY,  
REV. J. L. EDINGTON, EDITORS.  
NOVEMBER 27, 1878.

All letters and papers intended for publication, please address the "Editors of the Breckenridge News," or "Editors of News." All communications on Business, address to J. D. Babbage.

All communications must be accompanied by the name of the author. We will, by request, withhold the name from the public.

**Democratic State Convention.**  
At a meeting of the Kentucky Democratic Central Committee and the State Executive Committee, held in the city of Louisville, November 8, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That a convention of the Democratic party of Kentucky is called to meet on Thursday, the first day of May, 1879, at 12 o'clock m., in the city of Louisville, for the purpose of nominating candidates for State officers to be voted for at the next August election, and performing such other duties as the interest of the party may require. The County Committees are urged to call their meetings of the Democratic people of their several counties to appoint delegates to said convention, and in order to insure a full attendance, they are requested to appoint one delegate for every one hundred votes cast for the Tilden and Hendricks Electors at the last Presidential election.

Resolved, That the Democratic papers in Kentucky be requested to publish the foregoing resolutions.  
T. L. DENNETT, Chairman.  
T. L. JENKINSON, Secretary.

A rope walker came to town last week, and during his harangue to the people before he undertook the feat of walking a rope, staggered upon a truth concerning the economy of government to which not much thought is generally given or much importance generally attached. He said it took all kinds of men to make a world, and that all trades, calling and business was necessary to the prosperity of a country. That amusements were necessary. That even he was filling an important place. All this is true. The minds of the people must be employed, and it will not do to allow money-getting to be the only mind employment. "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy" may do very well, and if dullness were the only effect and result of "all work" on Jack it would not be so important, but it does not stop at this. Take away amusements and the people would not be long in finding ways to amuse themselves to the great detriment of society and government. And this would be especially true in a Republican government. Rest from pressure of business to the mind is as necessary as sleep to the body. People must and will find something to draw them from their counting-rooms and shops and wipe out the lines of care from their brows. Amusements serve to do this, and yet leave no bad effects. We allude of course to moral, decent amusements. If we did not have them the people would soon find rest from business in the excitement of seditious plots, etc. Restlessness would take hold of them, dissatisfaction would settle over them and, naturally, to the ruling powers would they attribute their course. Their idle hours instead of being passed in innocent amusement would soon be worn away in brooding over their sorrows and troubles, and not long would it take thus to ripen the mind for any act to "drive dull care away." The rope-walker was right when he said that amusements were necessary.

Bob Ingersol, the great Illinois Deist, has been shaking up things in Louisville. Bob derides the idea of the Bible being the inspired word of God. He does away with hell and all future punishment. Bob denies that the woman was made from the rib of a man. This seems to please the ladies very much. They have always been ashamed of their origin, and now Bob has led them to hope for a higher and more noble starting point. If Mr. Ingersol establishes this idea in this country, the women will turn up their noses and snub the whole race of men. They are so easily spoiled, you know.

They say now that perhaps Congress may "tickle" the banks a little on their action ignoring the silver dollar. The banks have ignored the law of the land and their action tells much of their presumption and power. A dose of correction would do them good. If some poor laboring man or organization of laboring men should to such an extent ignore the law there would be a call for troops to quell them. Perhaps if they persist in wielding their power in opposition to the law and to the detriment of labor a call for troops will be needed indeed.

Mr. Ingersol doesn't fare well with the Louisville press. All of the papers there give him hard hits. It argues well for the city, that even the naughty editors do not encourage him.

Cloverport is hard to move in religious matters. All of the churches have lately taken tilt at the strongholds of Satan, without effect. Perhaps the cause lies in the apathy of the Soldiers of the Cross.

Two intellectual and refined young men went on a fishing excursion, and returning very hungry called out to some young ladies at a farm house, "Gals, have you got any butter milk?" "Yes, plenty; but we keep it for our own calves," was the reply.

John and Harry Tilford, large cattle dealers on the line of Mercer and Boyle counties, have made a consignment to their creditors. Liabilities not known.

Rev. Joseph C. Norman, of the Louisville conference, died at his residence in Hawesville, Ky., on the 20th instant, at seven o'clock, p. m.  
Bro. Norman was well known all through the south-western part of the State. He has been identified with the Louisville conference for many years as a traveling preacher, and was very successful in all the circuits and stations in which he was called to labor. His health had been quite feeble for some months passed, and his sufferings were very intense. He was a patient and sweet-spirited sufferer.

We have a very able paper on chirography by one who knows how to write and what to write, but owing to its length it is crowded out, at least for the present. We must say that Mr. P. B. H. is one of the best of scribes. The communication was sent to Prof. Arnold, thinking he was Editor of the Educational Column in the News, but we regret to say he has given it up. He has an inexhaustible fund of information on all educational subjects, and his pen, if wielded, would throw a flood of light.

The report that Edison's discovery of electric light was a failure, is all a mistake. The Professor is earnestly and successfully prosecuting his plans for a full and complete development of his plans. This electric light is produced by means of a steam engine and a revolving cylinder. When his plans are consummated we expect the authorities of this town will get Jo's steam engine, and light up Cloverport in every nook and corner. Yes, it will be as brilliantly lighted as a parlor, and then we guess these young lovers and old ones, too, will stop their wooing, billing and cooing, on the streets at night. The old folks will be up with them for once, and will stay up with them, too.

When a man loses his hat and doesn't know it they say he was intoxicated and the fact is easily accounted for, but as it would not do to apply that rule to woman, how will we account for the loss of that hat Sunday night by one of our most estimable and attractive young ladies. We have heard of ladies ear-rings being found hanging to young men's coat sleeves but even that rule will not apply to this case because no young man came into the church with that hat innocently hanging to his coat. We give up the problem. Can't explain it by any of the known rules of accident. Bob, tell us about it.

We learn from responsible parties, from Hawesville and vicinity, that, as Mr. Mercer was returning home from Hawesville one night last week he found a two weeks old baby lying on the bridge, just in the lower edge of town. A quantity of conjecture as to the origin of the little being has failed so far as we have heard, to throw much light on the subject. All have settled down on these facts. First, that the bridge is not its mother; and secondly, that some body is, and that she did not act very clever towards the little stranger by putting it in such a cold cradle. It is rumored that a young married couple left town on that evening, and that they went on board the steamer Dick Johnson with a baby, and got off somewhere below Hawesville with no baby. It is further stated that this couple had only been married five months.

James Jones, a colored man living near Charleston, Maryland, was murdered on the 21st, under very peculiar circumstances. It seems that James burned a couple of infants that were killed by their mother, they having reached this world under unfavorable auspices, and they said James Jones was bound over to secrecy but negro-like he would talk, so on the night of the 21st two men took him a distance from home and shot two balls into his head, and left him for dead, but he crawled to a farm house and told the whole thing from A to Z, which led to the arrest of the parties.

The Baptist church in Bowling Green knows how to get out of financial troubles, and this is the way it is done. One of the most beautiful and elegant young ladies uses a young man for branch of promise, three of the most able and influential lawyers are employed on each side. Case to be tried at night in one of the largest town halls. Admittance, fifty cents, proceeds for the benefit of the church.

We learn from the Meade Record that a fire at Big Spring on the 15th destroyed the Masonic hall, the basement of which was used as a school-room. All of the Masonic furniture was lost. The fire originated from an ash keg sitting under the stairway.

There are more fires from ash boxes and defective flues than any other way, and yet people seem to be more indifferent about them than anything else.

Some of our exchanges are talking about Gov. Jno. W. Stephenson, of Kentucky for President. He is undoubtedly the most suitable man in the State for that position and better qualified than any man who has had the place for the last twenty years. Governor Stephenson would bring back the good old times of peace and confidence.

Raymond and Ellen Osgood, of Liberty county, Georgia, were, last week, sentenced to be hung on the 19th of December next, for the murder of Sam Gauldin. Simon Osgood, the father, and James, a brother of the two first named, were sentenced to the penitentiary, and still another brother is at large—all for the same offense.

Geo. Williams, of Oldham county, a colored negro hack of seventeen, pulled hemp by mob authority, on the 21st instant. He outraged the person of a little girl. Such things, we are sorry to say, are becoming very frequent.

Mollie Maguire and John Kehoe will be hung in Schuykill county, Penn., on the 19th of December. Martin Bengon will also be executed on the same day in the same county! Charles Sharper and James O'Donnell, in Carbon county, and Alexander Syre, of Philadelphia.

A terrible explosion took place in the Sullivan Coal mine, in Indiana, on the 22nd instant. The gas ignited from the flames of the lamp. There were thirty miners at work at the time and thirteen of them were instantly killed, and others will die. There were eight kegs of powder in the mine at the time of the explosion.—Daily Commercial.

**Woman on the Frontier.**  
A volume of this valuable work, "Woman on the American Frontier," is upon our table. It is elegantly bound in cloth with gilt-finish and contains 527 pages on good paper and in leaded Burgeois type, of very interesting matter. In these 527 pages are over 450 vivid sketches of the love, labor, hair-breath escapes and daring feats of the Pioneer Women of Our Country. Every boy and girl, man and woman in this country should buy a copy of this work and learn of the heroines of our boasted America, for we owe much to the patriotic and self-sacrificing women for their labors in opening up the wilds of the New World. This book is edited by William W. Fowler who writes in a graceful, vivid descriptive style which seldom fails to hold the reader spell-bound from page to page. And, moreover, these sketches are compendiums from the most authentic records of the early history of our country. We have read the work with much interest and have no hesitancy in recommending it to our readers. It is issued from the press of S. S. Seranston & Co., Hartford, Connecticut, and for sale by J. D. Babbage, 33 Wall street, Cloverport, Kentucky.

**GONE HOME.**  
At ten o'clock, Wednesday evening, November 20, 1878, from the residence of Mr. William Cooper, in Cloverport, Kentucky, Mr. ISAIAH W. ROBINSON passed from the earth-life, through the beautiful gates ajar, into the Kingdom of Heaven.

Isaiah W. Robinson is the eldest son of the Hon. Benjamin L. and Elizabeth—nee, Campbell—Robinson, and was born in Florence, Indiana, on the 9th day of November, 1850; and was twenty-eight years and eleven days old when his spirit bid his body—its dear old home—good-bye, and entered joyfully into the sun-bright elms. He was an exemplary gentleman, entertaining a firm faith in the immortality of the soul and the full fruition of its highest, noblest and purest aspirations. His life was well filled with kind words and noble deeds. His temperament was even, affable, and sympathetic—even to tenderness; so much so that he leaves many friends, and not a single enemy. I can not essay an eulogium more complete than the one expressed by his bereaved father, who said to me: "Isaiah was a good, kind and obedient boy from his childhood up to manhood, and even after his majority, though he is twenty-eight years old, in all our business transactions we have never had a harsh word—not even a reckoning of accounts." No more honorable epitaph could be carved in the marble that marks the place where lies the dust of any man than the above expression of this father.

Last April Isaiah inaugurated a plan to purchase a public cemetery for his native town, and enlisted some of the young ladies and gentlemen to play the famous old money, Uncle Tom's Cabin, in their church, to raise money for the cemetery grounds, which was done. But, alas! during the several nights of playing he caught a severe cold which rapidly grew into consumption, when he told his friends that in his labors to pay for the cemetery he had lost his life—paying for his own grave. Medical skill and tender nursing failed to check the onward sweep of the fatal disease. A few weeks ago he thought a visit to his sister, Mrs. Carrie Cooper, of our town, would prove beneficial to him. He came, but the Reaper followed, severing vital after vital until his condition became very precarious. His father and sister Ella were advised to come to his bedside, which they hastened to do, where they constantly and tenderly administered to him till the Master said, "It is enough, come up higher." On last Thursday morning Mr. Robinson and Miss Ella with the corpse of Isaiah, neatly incased, boarded the beautiful steamer, James Guthrie, on their return home, where the remains of the beloved son and brother were laid beside those of other members of the family.

During the last weeks of his sickness I visited him frequently, and notwithstanding his intense suffering he always appeared cheerful and hopeful. When I made my last call he had entered far into the chilly waters of the silent river, and his eyes growing dim of earthly things, yet he looked up with a smile of recognition and then raised his emaciated arm, and with a fervent grip we took the parting-hand.

His life on earth is ended and the one in heaven begun. Mourn not dear friends; he is not dead—only entered upon a higher, and far more real life—a treasure but removed—yes, a bright spirit parted for a clearer day—alive still in heaven, where his angel mother crowns her boy with garlands of fadeless flowers plucked along the sylvan margin of the River of Life.

"There is no death. The stars go down To rise upon some fairer shore; And in heaven's jeweled crown They shine for evermore.

There is no death. An angel-form Walks o'er the earth with silent tread, And bears our best-loved ones away; And then we call them "dead."

And ever near us, though unseen, The dear immortal spirits tread; For all this boundless universe Is life—there are no dead."

W. D. GIVAN.  
\* \* \* Heavy, Indiana, papers and Cincinnati Enquirer, please copy.

Editors News.—Permit me, through your paper, to return my sincere thanks to the kind friends—though strangers to me—of Cloverport, for their kindness and careful attention to my son in his last sickness, and their sympathy and timely assistance in this our day of bereavement. These friends and their acts of kindness will ever be remembered by us with grateful hearts.

Very respectfully, B. L. ROBINSON.

**A Fine Monument.**  
J. W. Haynes & Co. on last Monday put up over the grave of William H. Gardner, in the cemetery at Hardinsburg, the finest monument ever erected in our country. The column stands nine feet high, of the finest Italian marble, and finished in the highest style of the art. The letters and designs are of the most exquisitely carved raised work, which bespeaks the magic touch of a master's chisel. This beautiful column will stand for ages to come telling the story of a mother's undying love for her son, and also as a sample master-piece of native sculpture. We see no reason why our readers should send abroad for monumental work when the shop of Messrs. Haynes & Co. is daily turning out work equal in design and finish to any other house in America.

Walter Lynch, an employee in the Southern Express Company, running between Charleston and Athens, was arrested on the 19th for relieving the express company of \$25,000.

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